

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, April 7, 1804.

[No. 79]

THE TURNPIKE GATE: A TALE.

What has she to fear who stamps with reverence and honor every sentiment she inspires? Is there a man on earth base enough to offer the least insult to such virtue?

ROUSSEAU.

ONE cold foggy evening in November, 1782, an old man, a young woman, upon whose maternal knees reclined the head of a sleeping cherub, and a man about thirty years of age, in the habit of a sailor, were assembled round a blazing fire in a gate-house on the Plymouth road. The sailor had taken the hand of Fanny between both his own, and was begging her to proceed with a tale in which he was deeply interested; when a loud crash and vociferation of oaths without, caused them to start from their seats in extreme terror. A chaise-driver, much intoxicated, just then entered, covered with mud, and abused them grossly for neglecting to open the gate in time, by which his chaise had been shattered to pieces, and a gentleman within killed.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Fanny, who instantly flew out with a light. The post-boy, however, had exaggerated the case; for the gentleman, instead of being killed, had extricated himself from the overturned vehicle, and was walking deliberately towards the house, wrapped in a heavy box coat, and covered with an immense hat. The old man offered him a place by the fire, which he sul-

lenly declined: and after ordering the driver to unharness one of the horses and ride to W—— for another chaise, he seated himself in a distant corner of the room, and seemed more disposed for sleep than conversation. The sailor, after casting a few significant looks toward the stranger, requested his sister to proceed. Fanny again commenced her tale.

"After the death of our poor mother, my father went on very badly; he seldom passed a day without treating me ill, or a night without a fit of intoxication: the little we had was expended without any economy, and I was forced to labor hard to keep him and myself decent in appearance. The squire of the manor was a rich purse-proud man, but his son was the most engaging and amiable youth I had ever known: he regarded me with partiality, and, in my uninformed mind, he was the most perfect of mankind. Of his political principles I must say little—they have proved the destruction of all our happiness: his father vainly tried to check the impetuous sallies of youth; and the insurrection that broke out in such an alarming manner and raged through Ireland, gave young Oberne too fatal an opportunity of showing the part he intended to take: yet his regard for me in some measure restrained him; but that restraint was but of short continuance, for, the death of his father placing him in a state of affluence and independence, he

immediately proved his disinterestedness by making me his wife. Need I say, my first care was to make my father comfortable, and for some time we were all so; but Oberne could not long remain inactive: he headed a large party of rebels, attracted notice as a spirited leader from whom much might be feared, and became, in consequence, the object of pursuit. Reduced to the dreadful alternative of death or flight, we abandoned our peaceful home to the plunderers, and took refuge in a hovel about twelve miles from our former residence: the affection of my husband made me bear fatigue and hardship with patience, and the homeliness of my former life rendered my present situation less irksome than it would have been had I passed my youthful days in luxury and indolence; yet Oberne's frequent absences filled my mind with agony.

"One day, as I was waiting his return with the impatience of distracted love, I beheld him flying breathless towards me, pursued by a party of soldiers: I fell upon my knees; the balls flew round me and whizzed with a stunning noise as they passed over my head. They surrounded my husband; he fought desperately, but was overpowered: I saw not the end; sense, life, forsok me in the moment that he was seized.

"The poor ignorant girl who had ac-

accompanied us to our retreat, wept over me daily, and expected never more to hear me speak in a rational manner; but I did recover to new horrors: I learned that my husband was in prison, condemned to die, having killed two men in resisting the military power. I was not even allowed to share his prison, and my situation became dreadful indeed. The officer who commanded the detachment sent to secure Oberne felt compassion for so young and unfortunate a creature: by my direction he applied to my father, who inhumanly refused me protection.

The hovel I was in was in every respect improper for the state I was then in, for even necessities were wanting. Captain Rivers insisted upon my removal to a more commodious place, and promised to use all his interest for my husband's release, but could not flatter me with hopes. At that time I suffered agonies inexpressible: indebted to a stranger for support, deprived of a husband I adored by an ignominious death, and expecting to bring an infant into life without a friend to cherish, or a prospect of support, was my dreadful situation, and I should have sunk under it, but for the inspirations of that religion which teaches an implicit dependence upon providence. A few days after my becoming a mother, captain Rivers came to me with looks of concern: my mind suggested the horrid tidings; but I was too hasty. Some of the captives had escaped—my husband among the number;—but an immediate pursuit had been made, and a dreadful slaughter ensued: among the rest, Oberne fell!"

A pause of distress ensued: the stranger, as if awaking from a deep sleep, requested a glass of water, and then resumed his former appearance of inattention. Fanny resumed:—

"Rivers then assured me that I should never want a friend, if I would accept of his protection; that his regiment was recalled to England, and that, if I would accompany him, he would pledge his honor I should be treated with all proper respect till I could get settled, which he assured me his friends in London would effect. What could I do? I knew it would be long before I could hear from you, even were I certain my letters would reach you. I placed every dependence upon

the power of conscious virtue, and accepted his offer.

He took me to London, told the history of my misfortunes to a sister, who wanted but his virtues to make her his exact counterpart, for never were two persons so exactly modelled: she received me kindly, placed my child at nurse, and promised me every favor. Rivers behaved as a man of honor: he but once attempted to make a dishonorable proposal, and my repulse that time silenced him; yet the generous youth felt an affection for me so pure, so ardent, that he even offered me marriage. I felt penetrated with gratitude, but my heart was wounded too deeply to feel satisfaction at the proposal: it rather chilled with horror at the idea. 'No!' cried I, snatching my infant to my breast, 'I will beg with thee through the world, rather than wrong thy father's memory by uniting myself with one whose arm has been raised against his life.'

A shower of tears rebuked me for the injustice of my accusation, yet every day brought fresh proofs of the strength of his passion: and his sister, haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling, discovering the partiality of Rivers, and alarmed for the honor of her family, dismissed me from her house. Rivers once more offered his hand—his fortune: I once more refused them. 'It is well,' cried he; 'I know your noble motives, dearest of women, and will no further urge. Permit me only to point out one asylum: you have too proudly declined accepting any pecuniary favors from me, but there is on my estate at D— an aged respectable man for whom I some time since obtained the office of gate-keeper; he leads a solitary life; your conversation and society would be a solace in his old age, and by exercising your needle you will amuse your leisure hours, and in some degree preserve your favorite independence. I will take care the old man shall have every comfort, and, though I shall be far distant, my heart will be often with you.' Upon my demanding an explanation, he told me he had entered into a regiment drafted for America, and only waited to see me in some safe asylum before he took, as he hoped a long farewell of England; in which the principal unhappiness he had ever experienced was my rejection.

Suffer me to abridge my tedious tale;

hither I came, and here I have been tranquil, if not happy. This good old man has proved in conduct a father to me; but the first real gleam of pleasure I have experienced during the three years of my abode here, was in being reunited to you, my dear brother."

Frank kissed the tear from her cheek.

"And have you not heard from the noble, generous Rivers?"

"Oh yes!" Fanny replied; "his letters are polite, friendly, but tinged with such sadness as makes me shed tears at every perusal."

The stranger arose, walked slowly towards them, and presented a picture; at which Fanny gazed with pleasing surprise.

"It is Rivers:—do you know him?"

The gentleman opened his coat, threw off his hat—"Do you know me?"

Fanny shrieked, and fell lifeless in his arms.

"I am her husband!" exclaimed Oberne wildly. "She is my long-lost, injured wife!"

Upon her recovering, he informed the astonished party that he was the only one who survived the carnage of the day when it was reported he fell; covered with wounds, and in a state to which death would have been preferable, he was taken into the hut of a rustic, where he languished long of his wounds, nor could gain the least intelligence of his wife, her removal from the place of their retreat having baffled all attempts at discovery. When able to walk, he went to her father's, where, with brutal insult, he received the distracting intelligence that she had eloped with an officer of the regiment by which he had been captured. "Driven to frenzy," added Oberne, "the fever of my soul affected my body, and retarded my pursuit, for pursuit and vengeance were my intentions.

When I reached London, I learned that the regiment had embarked for America: thither I followed, I met Rivers—challenged him; but he refused to accept it; related the whole sto-

ry, as you have, minutely, but refused to inform me of the place to which you had retreated till I had obtained my pardon, which he flatters me can be easily procured by letters with which he has supplied me from himself and Colonel D—, a man high in favor. 'If you succeed, my dear friend,' cried he 'you shall immediately gladden the heart of a matchless woman; if not, far better will it be to let her remain undisturbed by fresh hopes and fresh miseries. Accept my picture,' added he; 'think of me as one who would die to serve you.' Charmed by his manner, I vowed eternal friendship: I am now fully sensible of errors for which I have severely suffered; and, since his precaution has proved useless, we will go together, my Fanny, to London, and live or die together."

Oberne succeeded, obtained a pardon, and, by sharing with Frank some honest-earned gold, purchased a commission in the same regiment to which Rivers belonged. The vicissitudes which Fanny had experienced secured her, in her future life, the satisfactory consciousness of having discharged her duty in every station; and the unremitting friendship of Rivers evinced the superior gratification of honor and generosity to mercenary or selfish enjoyments.

BE CAUTIOUS HOW YOU BELIEVE.

SIR,
NOT a fact can be related, not a description given, by persons even the best entitled to respect and credit, without some tincture of partiality or prejudice, of which the influence never fails to affect their manner of representing matters. It is not that they transgress the bounds of truth; but they unintentionally give to persons and things and facts a more or less advantageous coloring than they are entitled to wear.

Thus a lover shall speak of the charms of his mistress in a strain of encomium to which the lady's qualifications will not indeed positively give the lie: but if by chance we meet her, we shall find her far inferior to the idea with which her *inamorato's* panegyric had inspired us. Thus, too, Fervidus in des-

cribing the country-seat which he wishes to sell, gives you a most charming picture. According to him, it is the most delightful spot upon earth. Go visit the premises: he has not in any respect imposed upon you: for there you will find the house, the garden, the hill, the valley, the grove, the sheet of water, which he has mentioned: but you will not find the paradise which his florid language has portrayed.

I recollect to have heard a *virtuoso* boast in company a picture from the hand of Titian, which he had bought at a sale for a mere trifle. He declared it to be an excellent piece; and his hearers were astonished that he had purchased it so cheap. I went to see the painting; and the mystery was soon explained. The picture was incontestably an original, and had a just claim to the warm praises bestowed on it by the *virtuoso*. But it had lain neglected in a cock-loft, where the mice had devoured an entire foot and part of the leg of one of the figures, and eaten a hole through the breast of another.* These defects, however, were overlooked by my friend, who was enraptured with what the mice had spared.

It being impossible for us to see every thing with our own eyes, we necessarily must in numerous instances depend on the testimony of others: and it is not so easy as some people imagine to avoid becoming the dupes of exaggeration. However warily we may stand upon our guard against its delusions, it ever has considerable influence on the opinions which we form and the judgments that we pronounce.

Bellamore resides in the metropolis of one of the most flourishing countries in Europe. His father, at the time of his decease, left his coffers full of the precious metals of Peru and Potosi, of which the son determined to make a noble and magnificent use. Accordingly he endeavored to promote the

* Should any captious caviller, who pretends to understand these matters better than I, maintain that the mice are too cunning to poison themselves by feeding upon oil-paintings—then, Mr. Editor, I request that he will be kind enough to account for the holes in some more probable way: for, that the holes actually did exist in the picture I can be sworn; tho' I confess I did not enquire of the mice whether they had made them or not.

interests of trade by a daily-renewed consumption of the manufactures of his country. Elegance shone in his dwelling: hospitality presided at his table. He re-edified the mansion of his progenitors: and, for the purpose of more diffusively disseminating his riches, he employed, at a distance from his house, a number of workmen in rifling the womb of the earth, and extracting from it in one place enormous masses of stone which were to compose the building, in another beautiful colored marbles with which it was to be embellished.

Meanwhile hundreds of hands were engaged, some in calcining hard stones to convert them into a durable cement—others in kneading a particular kind of clay for the internal part of the walls—others again in giving variegated forms to the masses of stone, after the designs of celebrated mathematicians who had made that the object of their study. Ships were sent to the extremities of the globe to fetch home timber to support its roof, and precious wood to be fashioned into elegant furniture. To protect the lofty edifice from the injuries of the weather, it was covered with a mineral substance separated into thin plates, of a fine deep blue color, and so smooth, that, when the first rays of the sun darted on the roof, the eye could not bear its intolerable splendor.

The inside of the house corresponded with its external magnificence; and in every part the arts of industry and imagination had been called in to contribute to its embellishment. Entire apartments had their walls covered with a particular species of stuff, an admirable mixture of flax and wool and silk, whose colors, carefully selected among the most beautiful that could be found in the four quarters of the globe, produced a delightful effect. Several closets and cabinets even had their walls coated with a light paste, dried and colored, on which art had traced designs the most delicate and diversified, to which were moreover added superb compositions by artists of the three great schools. Who could enumerate how many millions of silk-worms had been employed in spinning his festooned curtains, the covers of his chairs and sofas, and the furniture of his beds? He never slept except on the delicate spoils of a snow-white bird celebrated by poets for his harmonious song.

(To be continued)

INHUMANITY TO BLACKS.

*From Baron De Wimshiffen's Voyage to
St. Domingo, in 1790.*

A LADY, whom I have seen, a young lady, and one of the handsomest in the island, gave a grand dinner. Furious at seeing a dish of pastry brought to the table overdone, she ordered her negro cook to be seized, and *thrown into the oven, yet glowing with heat*—And this horrible Megæra, whose name I suppress out of respect to her family; this infernal fiend, whom public execration out to drive with every mark of abhorrence from society; this worthy rival of the too famous Chaperon*, is followed, and admired—for she is rich and beautiful!

So much for what I have heard, and now for what I have seen.

The day after my return, I was walking before the casa of a planter with one of his neighbors, when we overheard him bid a negro go into the inclosure of his very neighbor, pull up two young trees which he pointed out to him, and replant them immediately on a terrace he was then forming.

The negro went: the neighbor followed him, surprised him in the fact, and brought him to his master, whom I had by this time joined, in the hope of witnessing a scene of confusion which promised to be amusing.

Conceive, Sir, what passed in my mind, when, on the complaint of the neighbor, I heard the master coldly order another of his negroes to tie the pretended culprit to a ladder, and give him an hundred lashes! We were both of us struck with such astonishment, that, stupified, pale, and shuddering, while the unhappy negro received the barbarous chastisement in silence, we looked at one another without being able to utter a single word—And he who ordered, he who thus punished his own crime on the blind instrument of his will; at once the dastardly perpetrator and the unfeeling witness of the most

* A planter of St. Domingo, who, in the same circumstances, seeing the heat shrivel and draw open the lips of the unhappy negro, exclaimed in a fury, "The rascal laughs."

atrocious injustice, is here one of the first organs of the law, the official protector of innocence! Heavens! if a pitiful respect for decorum forbids me to devote the name of this monster to eternal infamy, let me at least be permitted to hope that Divine Justice will hear the cries of the sufferer, and sooner or later accumulate on the tyrant's head, all the weight of its vengeance!

PATHETIC LETTER.

*From a deserted Wife to a faithless
Husband.*

My Dear Husband,

I WHO expected your return from America with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours, which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties, but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed; but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery.

But I mean not to remonstrate.—It is, alas! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved,

The house you left me in, could not be supported without an expense, which the little sum you left behind, could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and by strict economy, supply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

Poor Emily who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you: and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh, *When will my dear papa return?* The others are constantly asking me the same question; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllable he uttered, *When will papa come home?* Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool by my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa's.

I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail upon myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile) and wrings my soul while I suffer in silence.

I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with their greatest ardor of affection; and they always add of themselves, a petition for your speedy return.

I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford them at any eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one.—As to English—they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose-writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it.

I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expenses, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of. And am, your once loved and still affectionate

From the Boston Gazette.
REPORT OF A CASE,
Argued and determined in the
 SUPREME COURT OF CUPID.

Hiemal Term—Anno Amoris, 5808.

REGINA vs. AGNES SINCLAIR.

THIS was an information filed by the Attorney General, founded on the statute against *nudity*. The evidence was in writing, and the facts proved were, that "in a public assembly of both sexes, the Prisoner appeared dressed in a gown cut so extremely low before and behind, that many things which ought to have been concealed wholly or in part, were exposed to public view;" and also that "the remainder of the dress was so thin and transparent that the form of the lady through all its sinuosities was indelicately perceptible;" and also that "the lady at that time wore no petticoat."

After verdict, Recamier, sergeant of counsel for the prisoner, moved an arrest of judgment upon two points; *First*: With regard to the first charge relative to the fashion of the gown, he contended that the evidence was too indefinite to convict the prisoner: "many things were exposed, which ought to have been concealed." The word "*things*" is the most indefinite word in the language; it means any thing, and therefore nothing; the jury had no right to give it a meaning in this case.—Besides, how could the witness determine and swear that the *things* alluded to ought or ought not to be concealed; that is a question of law; he was not a judge of this honorable court; perhaps your honors might think differently from him, and decide that the gown was not a criminal one. When it was made, the lady might have expected to be married soon, and then it would be, at least, a *convenient* one.

Secondly. With regard to the two last charges, the prisoner could not be convicted upon the statute relative to *nudity*, as the evidence was clear that she was in full dress. However thin and improper her dress might have been, this was not the legal form of correcting those evils.

But the court overruled these objections. They said enough was proved of the first charge to satisfy the jury,

(and they were the exclusive judges of it,) that the lady was so far *nude*, as to be properly considered *indecently dressed*; and that it had been long settled, that whatever was indecent destroyed the enchantment of love, and therefore in this court to be accounted criminal.—With regard to the second point, they said, it was not the intention of the statute to guard *only* against *entire* nudity. The world was not yet bad enough to require such a prohibition. But the statute was intended to prevent that gradual increase of transparency of dress and nakedness, which threatens in the course of time to terminate in the wearing of nothing but gauze or crape apparel, or in the absolute indecency of wearing no cloaths at all; a circumstance very much to be dreaded in cold climates, and among virtuous and decent people. The objects of the statute were the preservation of modesty, the restoration of genuine love, (now almost unknown) and the protection of that natural decency which seems to be almost laughed out of countenance by our fashionable people. The dress of the lady was in direct violation of the spirit of the statute, and she therefore must recognize to make appearance here tomorrow to receive sentence.

The next day the court sentenced her to wear for two months *wild bore gowns*, made to tie close round the neck, and not less than two flannel petticoats at a time; and also to find two sureties to recognize with her, that she shall not appear indecently dressed for one year.

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A CAUTION.

TO SCOLDING MISTRESSES.

GOOD economy much depends upon the good management of a family. I have often seen, and long been convinced, that a mild and dispassionate is much more efficacious and salutary, than a severe and rigorous discipline. If you would prevent faults in your domestics, take care that you *see but few*; never animadvert on trifles, nor appear discomposed at accidents, nor reprove real faults in a passion.

Mrs. Teasy who has no daughters of her own, has brought up several girls, whom she took out of poor families; but she complains, she never yet has had one

but who was a vexation to her. They do her more mischief than all their work is worth; and though she is always talking to them, she cannot make them mind her. Her complaints are partly true; but the fault is her own, for she spoils all her girls by eternally fretting at them. If Betty happens to turn over the swill pail or breaks a mug by stumbling across the broom, which Mrs. Teasy in her hurry, had left in the way, the old lady is in a rage. "There, you careless drab! I knew you would do so. You are always breaking things. You waste and destroy more than you earn. I had rather do every thing myself. I never will set you to do any thing again as long as I live." And so Betty sits down—"What! you baggage! have you nothing to do?—Go, fetch the cream-pot and turn the cream into the churn. How you handle it—I know you will break it, as you do every thing else." The poor girl in a trepidation of carefulness and anxiety, lets it fall sure enough. It is dashed into fragments, and the cream scattered round the floor. "O la! you nasty trollop—I never saw any thing like this. Just so you do every day. I cannot keep my hands off from you." Thus with tongue and claws, she frightens poor Betty almost into fits. Nine tenths of the mischief which the girl does is through an excessive caution to avoid it. Her mind is never calm, nor her nerves steady, because her mistress is always blaming, scolding and threatening. By degrees however, the girl becomes hardened. If she breaks an article, when Mrs. Teasy is not present, she secretes it. If enquiry is made, she lies to prevent discovery.

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ANECDOTE.

A BLACK man, about to be married to a woman of the same color, by a justice of the peace, observed to him, that if he performed the ceremony as he usually did for the white people, he would pay him well; but if not, he would give nothing; to which the justice agreed. After the ceremony was over, the negro was going away, when the justice thought proper to remind him of his promise. "Why," said the negro, "you have omitted an essential point." The justice demanded what it was. "Why," answered the negro, "you forgot to salute the bride; and, bidding good night, walked off."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 7, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 7—old age 2—epilepsy 1—nervous fever 1—diarrhea 1—cancer in the womb 1—convulsions 2—scarlet fever 1—putrid fever 1—decayed lungs 1—inflammation 1—burnt 1—small pox 1—dropsy in the head 1—cholera morbus 1—phthisis pulmonalis 1—fits 3—worm fever 1—drowned 1—and 1 whose disorder is not mentioned.

Of the above 19 were adults and 11 children.

On Thursday last, Mr. Rannie, the celebrated Ventreloquist, recommenced his performances in this city, at the city hotel, to a numerous and brilliant audience. His continuance here being but for a short time, the public will seize the present opportunity of beholding his wonderful exhibitions.

His nights are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Extract of a letter from New Orleans, dated February 26, 1804.

The French and Spaniards seem almost in a state of rebellion here, as they are committing depredations almost every day and are continually robbing and murdering. Three attempts were made to burn the city last night. Our danger is such, that I have been three nights on patrol since my arrival, and, unless some other means are fallen on soon, I fear the consequence will be dreadful, as the French and Spaniards are determined to do some mischief shortly, and we have very few regular troops here to prevent them.

Capt. Mentor arrived at Boston, in 39 days from Alicant, informs that all the officers of the United States frigate Philadelphia, 17 in number had been liberated thro' the spirited interference of the French Consul at that place; and that 15 or 20 of the crew had found

means to make their escape from servitude, by getting possession of a boat and putting to sea.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

MONDAY, April 2.

Lewis of Monte Blanco, and Don Juan.

Plot of Lewis of M. B. concluded.

Lofe now enters with a jug and basket, and having proposed his master's terms to *Don Jerome* and received his firm reply that he will rather perish than consign his daughter to the arms of his oppressor, is touched with pity for him. They are interrupted by the approach of *Lewis* and his Banditti bearing *Ferdinand*, and *Jerome* retires to the cell from whence he had broken. *Ferdinand* is left, still senseless in the prison, but recovering, calls on the name of *Seraphina* which sound again brings forward *Jerome*, and the father and lover of the lady are mutually surprised to meet under such circumstances. *Jerome*, informed that his daughter is in the castle, urges *Ferdinand* to attempt escape, and to stimulate him promises him the hand of *Seraphina*. *O'Reilly* now appears outside of the grated window and by his assistance *Ferdinand* forces the bars and the brave soldier enters to propose his plan for their escape. *Lofe* returns and having convinced them of his intentions to serve the injured *Jerome*, is, by him, entrusted with his ring and a message to the commander of the neighboring garrison, requesting military aid. They are now alarmed by the approach of *Lewis*; and *Jerome*, *Ferdinand* and *O'Reilly* have scarcely escaped by the window when he enters. *Lofe*, pretends great agitation at the discovery of their flight. *Lewis* seeing the open window, looks out, and perceives the fugitives, and a pursuit immediately commences, *Lewis* being confident that they cannot escape as the outer gates of the castle are guarded. It is now night.

The fourth act passes on a spot of the following description. On the right of the stage is a terrace, running from the front and joining a tower. Under the terrace is a dark passage. A stone wall crosses the stage in the back ground, and near the left hand is a crucifix. This spot is within the walls of the castle, and leads to the northern ruins and chapel, where *O'Reilly* intends to con-

ceal the prisoners until succor arrives. The fugitives make their appearance on the terrace, the Irishman bearing a ladder, by means of which he descends, but hearing the alarm which their flight has occasioned he directs *Ferdinand* to pull up the ladder and remain above while he reconnoitres below. On the approach of the pursuit he hides. *Lewis* enters with *Sebastian*, banditti and servants, and having directed *Sebastian* to search the dark passage, and given him the watch word "Vengeance and *Seraphina*" passes on to continue his search to the left. *Sebastian* sends the four Banditti with a torch into the passage under the terrace and remains without to guard the entrance. *O'Reilly* having heard the watch-word given now advances and by means of it induces *Sebastian* to think him one of *Lewis's* party. *Jerome* and *Ferdinand* now appear descending from the terrace, and the banditti prepare to seize them; when *O'Reilly* drawing a pistol, makes him disarm himself, while he holds it, cocked, to his head. The arms of which *Sebastian* is despoiled, suffice to provide the two gentlemen, and they go to the right, by the Hibernian's direction, to remain in the chapel, while he shall bring *Seraphina* from her place of concealment, to them. *O'Reilly* now engages *Sebastian* to be silent as to what has happened and promises to reward him if he will be honest, goes in search of *Seraphina* through the dark passage notwithstanding he is told by *Sebastian* that his men are that way. Scarce has he disappeared when we know by the noise that he has fallen in with the banditti, and *Lazzaretto* and *Juan* come trembling from the passage, and relate having separated from their companions, they saw a female figure in black, which they suppose a ghost, and while gazing on it, they are attacked from behind, their torch extinguished and themselves beaten unmercifully. The figure in black now appears and moves from the dark passage to the crucifix. The clock strikes one. *Lewis* returning from fruitless pursuit, finds the banditti gazing at the figure, and is struck with horror himself. The figure returns to the passage, and *Lewis* after in vain calling on the robbers to accompany him, enters the passage with a torch in one hand and his sword in the other. He soon returns in redoubled perplexity, his torch extinguished and his sword broken. He is roused from his reverie by intelligence that *Seraphina* is missing

and goes off again in pursuit of her. *Thady O'Reilly* now enters from the dark passage bearing *Seraphina*, and we understand that he has been the cause of *Lewis's* astonishment as well as of the banditti's terror. *Lope* now returns with intelligence that the soldiers of the garrison are on their march, but that the whole of *Sebastian's* ruffians have already entered the castle in such force as to make the attempt of the soldiery vain. He likewise states that it will not be practicable to hide the fugitives in the chapel. *O'Reilly* then determines to conceal them in the place where they now are and directs *Lope* to bring the gentlemen thither, while he by means of the watch-word gets out of the castle to meet the soldiers. *Lope* likewise engages to set fire to the castle on the arrival of the troops, in the part nearest the powder magazine.

The scene of the fifth act continues the same as in the fourth, and the action proceeds rapidly to the denouement. *Lope* having brought *Jerome* and *Ferdinand* to the place of rendezvous then goes to execute the remainder of his commission, and scarcely has *Jerome* embraced his daughter and united her hand to the young officer's, when *Lewis*, leading *Sebastian* and his banditti, appears exulting that he again has the fugitives in his power. The gentlemen prepare for defence, *Seraphina* rushes between the threatening parties, and as *Lewis* is approaching to seize her, the mysterious female in black interposes, and *Lewis* recognizes his mother.

It now appears that *Olivia* the mother of *Lewis* had induced her husband to make a will in favor of her offspring by a former marriage, disinheriting *Don Jerome* his son, and that *Lewis* having taken possession and finding his mother repentant and ready to support the claim of *Jerome*, had her seized and sent for Italy; but his agent was prevailed upon by the lady to conceal her in this well known castle and fabricate a tale of her death. She now accuses her son, and testifies in favor of *Jerome* the right heir. *Lewis* once more has recourse to arms, but the castle now appears on fire, the banditti refuse to obey him, the tower blows up in view of the audience, and over the smoking ruins, *O'Reilly* leads the soldiers of the garrison. *Lewis* now yields to his fate, asks his mother's forgiveness, is borne off a prisoner, and the piece concludes with the full triumph of virtue.



Married,

On Wednesday last, Mr. Henry W. Thorne of this city, to Miss Susannah Hewlett, of Great Neck, (L. I.)

On Saturday evening last, Mr. William Shippey, to Miss Charlotte Stuart, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Robert Dill, of Ulster to Miss Eliza Myer, daughter of John J. Myer Esq. late of this city, deceased.

At Philadelphia. Mr. William Bartling, to Miss Mary Justice.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Edward Hudson, to Miss B. Byrne, daughter of Mr. P. Byrne, bookseller, all of that city.

At Bound-Brook, (N. J.) on the 15th ult. Mr. John Pelhemus, to Miss Hannah Van Duyn, both of that place.

At Mecklenburgh court-house, Virg. on the 23 ult. Frederick Hamme, Esq. of that place, to Mrs. Butler, of North Carolina.



Died,

On Sunday last, after a tedious and distressing illness Mr. Samuel Wilson.

On Friday evening after a painful illness of about six weeks, at the early age of seventeen yrs. Charlotte Jane Augustine Durand, daughter of J. P. Durand, of this city, a young lady, whose virtues and accomplishments will long be remembered with respect, and whose death has occasioned the most poignant affliction to her disconsolate parents and families.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday last, after a short illness in the 67th year of his age, Mr. John Pinkerton, sen. merchant of that city.

At Port-Spain, Trinidad, on the 8th February after a severe illness of five days, Mr. Charles Laight, surviving partner of the house of Wm. & Charles Laight, formerly of this city. He had been there only a few weeks, and was on the point of returning to New-York, having engaged his passage just before his illness.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiacidulic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Wait's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

SELECT TUITION. FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 years of age, who are desirous of perfecting themselves in an approved system of English Education, may apply at JAMES REID's select school for young ladies, No. 80, Greenwich st. on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

EDUCATION.

Mr. & Mrs. Pirsson,

Respectfully inform their friends and the public that on the first of May next they will open a select boarding and day School for young ladies at No. 308 Greenwich Street.

As the number they propose taking will not exceed thirty five, and as their sole attention will be directed to the improvement of the mind, the morals and the address of their pupils, they hope for a share of public patronage.

Further particulars till the first of May will be made known by applying at Mr. Raybould's, No. 323 Greenwich-Street.

Theatre.

On Saturday evening, April 7,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

PIZARRO IN PERU.

To which will be added,

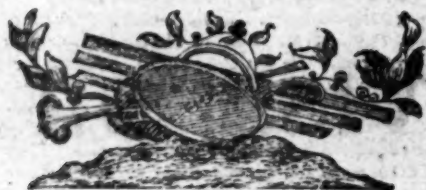
MRS. WIGGINS.

On Monday evening, the new Comedy of

The Wife of two Husbands.

And Farce of

Raising the Wind.



A SONG.

*From the Play of "The Wife of
Two Husbands,"*

WRITTEN BY W. DUNLAP, ESQ.

SUNG BY MISS HOGG,

In the character of Theodore.

ON the breast of a mother how sweet to repose !
Her arms are a safeguard, a haven from woes !
On her bosom reclining, no sorrows are near,
And the kiss of a mother represses all fear.

Then pity the orphan who never can know
The delights which a mother alone can bestow !
Who ne'er on the bosom that nurs'd him reclin'd ;
Nor e'er felt the kiss by affection refin'd !

For the Weekly Visitor.

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS.

WHEN wandering on a foreign shore,
By inexperienced youth beguil'd,
I heard the thundering torrent roar,
And fearless trod the howling wild ;
Where'er my steps were doom'd to roam,
How cheering Hope maintain'd her sway,
While my fond heart recurr'd to home,
And faithful friendship far away !

But as the streams impetuous course,
No bars, no obstacles restrain,
And rushing, with resistless force,
It seeks the all-involving main ;
Or fondly lingers as it goes,
To fertilize some favor'd shore,
But never to its source reflows,
And leaves its native banks no more :

'Tis thus, ye dear deceits of youth,
Your flattering forms no more beguile,
When friendship wore the guise of truth,
And love, a never-varying smile ;
Thus down the stream of life we haste,
To still-encreasing cares a prey,
Youth's evanescent joys are past,
And friendship lingers far away.

C.

From the Republican Farmer.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT

THE thick'ning shades of night appear ;
Hoarse breathes the wintry storm afar ;
Hark ! from the sea-beat shore I hear
The din of elemental war !

Fierce on my roof the rattling hail
Its glassy flood tremendous pours ;
The tempest bellows in the vale ;
Aloof the bending forest roars.

Yet, while convulsive nature's groan
Rocks Earth upon her trembling pole,
A smile, dear girl, from thee alone,
Imparts calm sun-shine to my soul.

No wealth have I, nor fame, nor pow'r,
(Though rich enough, if lov'd by thee,)
Yet thousands, in this dreadful hour,
Would give all these to fare like me.

What numbers, on the troubled deep,
Remote from friends, from kindred dear,
For wives belov'd, despairing weep,
For children drop the bitter tear !

Safe, shelter'd from the dismal storm,
Love's chastest sweets my breast inspire,
While, in my cot so snug and warm,
We sit around the cheerful fire.

How throbs my heart with purest joy,
While, mid the scene of mutual bliss,
With cherub smiles, our infant boy
Implores the fond maternal kiss.

O ! let me clasp thee to my breast,
And meet affection's cheering smile,
In chaste endearments lull to rest
My cares, my sorrows, and my toil.

We'll trim the brisk enlivening fire,
Nor dread the wind that round us blows ;
Till sleep shall bid our thoughts retire
To pleasing dreams, or soft repose.

LORENZO.

EPIGRAM.

RICH Timon's board displays the best,
And Carlos (made a welcome guest),
Thro' vanity is apt to boast,
It is his wit that rules the roast ;
Tittles, to know the truth its fit—
'Tis Timon's roast that rules the wit.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-
citing also the patronage of the public, informs, that
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A
Tutor will attend in said School for the purpose of
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly
in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to
any that have been imported, as they are made after
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with
neatness and accuracy.

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